

Little Caesar

Bill Hart

"Little Caesar" is a fitting nickname for a fellow on our street. His name is Cecil, and he is about ten years old. He is one of a family of five; four blond boys and one brunette girl. Cecil is a small boy in stature, but built with the proportions of a circus strong man. He has a large chest, muscular legs, and broad shoulders. He has handsome features and they are set out by brown eyes that shine with a sparkle, a sparkle that spells mischief and trouble. He always wears a smile, and it carries a friendliness that draws everyone to him.

Cecil swims quite often, and he is the source of much admiration when he appears in his tiny trunks. He is a marvelous swimmer, and a good diver for his age. Last year at a camp he came home with fifteen ribbons he had won for his athletic ability; he also helped his family win the camp award for the best athletic and most popular family at camp.

Since Cecil becomes easily excited he is always in a nervous tension. He sometimes becomes so enthusiastic at an exciting event that he becomes unmanageable. He indulges in no sport for fun. He is always out to win.

His association with his older brothers has made him more mature and independent than other boys his age. He skipped a grade not long ago, and still obtained excellent grades on his six-weeks report.

He is sharp-witted and he uses his wit to an advantage in several ways. He can tease an older person in such a way it endangers his own safety to remain in the vicinity.

Several days ago I saw him as he came home in the rain from a ball-

game. I pitied his mother if she had to clean him up. His brown hair was covered with mud and tangled with burrs. His clothes were filthy and torn beyond repair. One of his shoes was gone and the other dangled from his belt. He surely was a sight. It didn't matter to him, for his eyes and his broad smile told me that his team had won the game. Outwardly he looked not unlike a freshman who had just emerged from a freshman-sophomore fight; inwardly he felt like a sophomore who had successfully defended the greased pole and flag. He hardly realized that it was pouring down rain, and he often stooped to remove an obstacle that lay in the path of a stick he was floating down the gutter. No doubt the stick was a large destroyer bearing down on the Germans, or some such enemy. That is the kind of imagination he had. I have seen him many times killing a thousand Indians with his father's cane, carving his way through 'a wall of human flesh' with a broken clothespin, or even winning the world series single handed.

Since he is small in stature Cecil has had to make this up in other ways. He seems to have made it up quite artfully. He began in our neighborhood, and after several weeks of strife had firmly convinced his "mob" that he was the "big shot." It seems he had "cleaned up" on every kid his age that he could find so that he might go about his play unmo-
lest. His greatest opposition, strangely enough, came from his brother. In this case Cecil used diplomacy and soon convinced his brother that two heads are better than one.

When I was ill a year or so ago,

and was forced to keep off my feet for five or six weeks, I found I had no better friend than Cecil. He came over to see me every day after school, and even though I was seven years older than he, we became the best of pals.

Since I have started to Butler I have seen very little of "Little Caesar"; but I know he is one fellow I can depend on, and that he will grow up and continue to be a "swell guy."

The Rabbit Hunt

Leland Bass

The first day of the rabbit season comes to this region of the country on about the tenth or eleventh of November. Hunters all around take leave from their business and work in order to rise very early in the morning and drive fifty or sixty miles for the best hunting. The first day of the season generally falls among the rains just before the first winter snow. The winds and rain are chilly, but hunters do not seem to mind for they have high-top boots and warm hunting outfits to protect them from the elements. After they drive to the section where they intend to hunt, they get their shotguns and shells, button their coats well, and step off into the mud of the fields anxiously waiting for a shot at the first rabbit.

The hunters make their way slowly and carefully to the haystack in the middle of the field, but before they have quite reached it, a young cottontail runs out of his little nest of grass and tries to make himself scarce as quickly as possible. This rabbit probably has never witnessed a hunting scene before, and so for that reason he is running to keep out of reach of the men. The men have

finally spotted the little cottontail; up come the big barrels of the shotguns, and scores of buckshot halt the progress of the rabbit through the field and through life. The buckshot has literally torn him to pieces, for his head and forelegs are entirely mutilated; but the men stuff him in one of the big dark pockets in their coats and proceed toward the haystack. From the stack they scare two or three more rabbits, one of which is a big rabbit in his second season. The men will never take him, for he runs in a zig-zag line with speed urged on by extreme fear, and will not to stop at the cost of his life. The buckshot has broken two of his legs, but this cannot stop him and he drags himself into some hole where the men can do him no harm. In this way the hunting proceeds on the first day; shooting many times, killing many rabbits, wounding many, and allowing many to escape in this condition.

The twenty-first day of the hunting season is quite different in many ways; first, the weather has changed, for instead of a drizzling rain there is a snow storm; second, the Thanksgiving Day festivities are on, and the men go hunting mostly for sport; third, the rabbits have for the most part learned of hunters and their ways. After the usual drive to their hunting spot, the men start out much the same way as before. There are no rabbits in the field; there are none in the haystack for it has dwindled down to nothing. There may be one or two rabbits in the cornfields, but they are sitting so tight that they can be neither seen nor moved. The rabbits are in holes and brushpits where they can get the most warmth and protection. Finally, the men "jump" a rabbit in a brushpit. He leaves the brushpit like an experienced rabbit for he runs zig-zaggingly and with a fear that helps